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ROHWER RELOCATION CENTER, ARKANSAS

MERRY



CHRISTMAS

THE LIGHT SHINES

No darkness can obscure the light
Which first appeared that Holy Night;

No black or bloody bombing raid
Can blast the record He has made.

Proud tyrants strutted o'er then
And trod upon the rights of men;

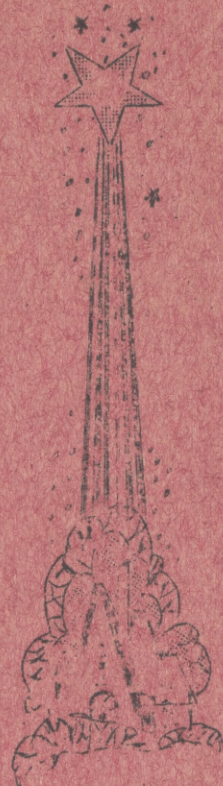
From age to age they've grudged Him space
To proffer love, forgiving grace;

'Tis blasphemy to link His name
With futile wars that kill and maim.

'Twas from the lowly He was born;
With them has lived since that blest morn.

He will not thunder from the skies;
Instead He dwells in children's eyes,

In hearts of joy, made free from fear;
Come then, let's bring His Kingdom near!



AND

- Dr. Joseph B. Hunter
Assistant Project Director
Community Management Division

Happy New Year

GREETINGS!

"Christians awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born,
Rise to adore the mystery of Love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above"

As we commemorate the birth of Jesus Christ,
we are reminded of God's goodness and mercy
toward us.

Wherever you are, we pray that the presence
of God is in your midst this happy Christmas
morning.

- Bette Ishibashi

CHRISTMAS IN ROHWER

With the coming of cold mornings, comes the season in which we rejoice in
song for the birth of Jesus.

We are going to celebrate our second Christmas here in the delta land of
the great Mississippi River. One mile-square Rohwer Camp is surrounded by trees.
Beautiful it was, through the autumn as the foliage displayed colors of red,
orange and brown before it went into winter sleep.

Rows and rows of tar-papered barracks are the temporary homes of our Cali-
fornia evacuees. From many a home, young people have gone outside to take their
place in a new community. But many a younger brother and sister are here with
their folks while the march of the calendar goes by.

Christmas in Rohwer will be made happier because of the thoughtful loving
friends on the outside. They give to share because they believe that "it is
better to give than to receive."

And for us, Christmas shall be made happier, by proclaiming the love of God
for all men though the world be at war.

Whether you be in one of these relocation camps, or have relocated, ours
together is the glorious privilege of telling our fellowmen about the Gift that
only God gave. We would always remember that "the gift without the giver is
bare."

Now, with the celebration of Christmas in Rohwer, I join with my comrades
in the ministry in bringing cordial season's greetings to you.

- K. Harper Sakauo

CHRISTMAS

With balls of blue and balls of red,
Popcorn strung on a piece of thread,
A sparkling star for the very top,
I'm just hoping it doesn't drop.
With different colors of lights so bright,
It thrills you through just at the sight,
The very smell of the fresh pine tree,
Makes you want to jump for glee.

The carolers are singing a Christmas hymn,
Just as the night is growing dim,
The snow is falling, the fields are white,
Yet they go on singing all thru the night
As they move further down the street,
Their voices fade and sound so sweet,
Now their songs we cannot hear,
But the words still ring in our ear.

This is the day of our Father's birth,
It is the day he came to earth,
Yes, Jesus Christ was born this day,
And I think I am right when I say,
That all this destruction and all this hate,
Is not what he died to help create,
So let us pray that this war will cease,
And the world will be calm with the echo of peace.

(Editor's note: This original poem was written by
a student of Mrs. Ramsdell's 11A English Class.)

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clephas, and Mary Magdalene." John 19:25

This may seem, on first sight, a strange passage of Scripture for a Christmas message; but let us journey back through the centuries and, in fancy, stand beside that little group of heartbroken women as they gaze at the pitiful figure nailed to the cross atop Golgotha's brow.

All through the ministry of Jesus, He had been constantly cared for and served by women who loved Him and tenderly ministered to His needs. Even to this bitter end, they followed Him, faithful to what they considered to be the finish of His work.

What a flood of memories must have flashed through the mind of His mother, Mary, as she endured the agony of witnessing the execution of her own flesh, as a condemned criminal. Many mothers before and since have gone through this same terrible ordeal, but never a mother under such amazing circumstances as she. Let us try, for a moment, to place ourselves in her situation, and try with her to solve the mystery of the events of the past thirty-odd years. Wouldn't your thoughts be something like this? Mary, the mother of Jesus, looks back to Bethlehem, as she stands in the shadow of Calvary, at once the most blessed of all women, and the most sorely tried and tested of all daughters of the earth.

"My Son! My little baby grown to manhood! He never in all His life did any harm to any man! Why? Why must this be? Surely I believe God's promises to me; they must be true! And yet, this is the end! I remember so well that day in Galilee when the angel appeared unto me, a humble peasant maid, saying, 'Hail, thou art highly favored, blessed of all women. Thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom, there shall be no end. How well I recall those five wonderful promises. I...I can't believe that God should fail His promise, and yet...

"How can I ever forget the day we started the journey to Bethlehem for the census enrollment. Poor Joseph! He was so worried and concerned about me and the little son about to be born. But I didn't mind, even though the traveling was difficult. It wasn't his fault that we had to sleep in a stable on that night of all nights when I was about to be delivered of child.

"And then, the Magi came bearing their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, and told the story of how they had followed his star from afar. How wonderful it was to hear the shepherds tell of the angels singing, proclaiming His birth. How I have treasured all these wonderful things in my heart. I know God kept His promise then. But now...

"The angel said He would be great. Oh yes, He was great, true enough. His ministry divided all Israel. Thousands followed Him and adored Him. I marveled on that day in Cana when He performed His first miracle, but that was nothing compared to what followed for the next three years. I was by His side when He began His ministry, and here I am at the end...Yes, God's promise was true that He should be great. His enemies hated and feared Him; so great were His works that the Romans investigated His claims. Even the Greek scholars came and inquired, saying, 'Sirs, we would see Jesus.' Is it possible that this is the end?

"God sent His angel to tell me that He should be called the Son of the Highest. No one knows better than I that this was true. Perhaps, however, I should never have told all that I knew because He claimed to be the Son of God; yet He hangs upon this cross now. Maybe I myself have been to blame.

"How bewildering it all seems! How, now, can God give to Him the throne of His father David? What possibility is there that He will reign over the house of Jacob? Or how could a kingdom which had no beginning have no end? How about those other three promises God made to me? I can still hear the accusation of the high priest ringing in my ears. 'We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He, being a man, claimed He was the Son of God.' I went down to the very gates of death, to bring back His little soul! I'd do it again a thousand times over. But this!! Dear God, why?"

In that bleak and ghastly moment when she gazed through tear-dimmed eyes upon His beloved figure writhing in agony, when the very skies turned black, and the earth shook in horror at the awful tragedy, what memories must have been hers.

(continued on the last page)

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES (continued)

How could she possibly know that Jesus was incarnated that He might fulfill this destiny? How could she realize the significance of Calvary until she shared in the benefits of His resurrection? Jesus, being God, certainly knew more about His origin than His mother. Certainly, no one who saw Him die that day could have realized that God had already begun to fulfill the other three promises. Who then could have comprehended the great mystery of God sending His Son down from the brightness of His glory, by Whom also He made all the worlds?

Centuries before Bethlehem's manger cradled the King of Glory, in the likeness of sinful flesh, the throne of David was occupied by its last king, Zedekiah. From that day to this it has been vacant! But praise God! some day soon it will be occupied by its rightful heir, for God has appointed Him the "heir of all things." Soon, the angelic hosts will sing again as Christ Jesus our Lord returns to earth to rule and reign! He who is the Prince of Peace. The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the love of God as the waters cover the sea, and every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is King of Kings and the Lord of Lords! This, my friends, is the real Christmas story. When that day comes, we can sing, in the true significance of its meaning,

"Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:	He rules the world with truth and
Let men their songs employ,	grace,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills	And makes the nations prove
and plains	The glories of his righteousness,
Repeat the sounding joy.	And wonders of his love: "

- Mrs. Ruth Niiya

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Dear God, eternal source of light,	That all yearning for lasting peace,
Teach us how to begin this year,	Will make all strife to pass away;
By demonstrating peace and love,	Renew the spirit day by day,
To bring all peoples very near,	To live life's true reality.

In spirit and in truth to Thee,	With "a new Heaven and new earth,"
That we may see all things made new;	A peace to last eternally,
Forgot the things that are behind,	With Christ abiding in each heart,
Press on Thy Holy Will to do,	Dear Father, bless us in Thy way.

- Laura Emily Mau
from THE CHRISTIAN EVANGELIST

Season's greetings to the Rohwer Young People's Christian Fellowship. May the blessings of Christmas be made manifest this year, a year in which we have witnessed many new and welcome revelations. To continue advancing and invigorating the growth of our soul and stature through the coming New Year, in whatever new environment or circumstance we may be called, shall be my respectful and humble prayer for those who shall represent the Japanese-Americans.

My best wishes for a very joyous Christmas and a happy New Year.

For Christ and the Church,

Sincerely,
WALTER SAITO
214 No. Thayer Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

The star still shines over Bethlehem today, though the world peace is marred by the battle cries all over the world. Today, may we all join in the joy of service and the worship of the Gentle Saviour who gave us this Christmas Day.

May the blessings of Christmas be with you all.

- The Staff